

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



Drawing by Bellery-Desfontaines. On exhibition at Charles Scribner's Sons.

A GEORGE LUKS exhibition in town! Yes, in the Kraushaar galleries. The word runs from mouth to mouth. Everybody wishes to see a George Lukes. In spite of the complete separation between artist and public that Mr. Cox speaks of, a large share of the population has come to believe that a good picture is possible to this painter occasionally.

He was not always treated nicely by the Powers if we remember rightly. We have been trying to forget the shocking words that were once applied to a Lukes picture by one of our most omnipotent professional jurymen as the painting was being rejected that year. Of what use to remember them, since they could not be used upon a respectable art page such as this? Besides, times change.

Now that Lukes has conquered the public, enlivened a paying audience, become a tradition, has an income, eats caviare on Wednesdays and pate de foie gras on Saturdays, and has softened down his style somewhat in consequence, nothing would be less surprising than to have Lukes taken up by the Academy. Indeed when we saw the "Stroke," a picture of a polo game in the present exhibition, we said to ourselves, "This is where George gets crowned."

WE should like to know the psychology of this picture. It is a curious theme to have attracted the painter of the "Pawnebroke's Daughter." Lukes's culture, like that of Mr. Borglum, the sculptor, has often drawn him toward the very confines of eternity to the regions of mystic shadows that have ever stirred the souls of men. But in this case knowledge pointed the way and imagination romped behind like a British polo player. Thousands saw the great international series of games. Thousands upon thousands did not. It is to these that Mr. Lukes speaks. "With the generous mind and innocent heart of the child he takes us by the hand, wants us to go along and enjoy the good things too." The "good things" are the British polo players.

Larry Waterbury is seen about to swing one of those historic goals of his. His "form" is perfect. Young Mr. Stoddard is seen shouting off the Britishers upon whose stoical faces defeat and despair can already be read. The thousands in the grand stands hold their breaths, all that is, except one young English lady in a green silk jacket who cannot bear it and turns her back at the critical moment.

It was a great occasion, but we are not prepared to insist that this is a great picture. That's the deuce of these great occasions, the pictures never come up to them. When it comes to academic art, literature, we humbly insist, has painting skinned. Everybody thrilled at Marie Corelli's description of the funeral of King Edward VII, but so few were moved by Edwin A. Abbey's picture of his coronation, and Mr. Abbey was as popular a painter as Marie Corelli is a writer, if not more so. Mr. Abbey's historical picture was painted, we understood, "by command." Works of any kind of art undertaken by command have success in ratio as their dates are distant from this.

When singers, poets, painters and even philosophers were merely part of the rabble who clung to the outer edges of the court it was easy for them to pipe up, when prodded, into apparently spontaneous hymns of praise in celebration of the royal achievement. Even so modern a painter as Rubens was able to do pretty well for the marriage of Marie de Medici and Henry IV. But poets laureate and court painters have been having a notoriously bad time of it for years past. The muses have read Jean Jacques and have imbibed all the principles of the new freedom. Artistic democracy is triumphant. These goddesses vanish at the slightest word of command.

It is one reason why modern success is so dangerous for an artist, and why it is sometimes immediately fatal. The artist in the arrogance of his new courage attempts to boss these ladies. Boss them? The muses? What do they care for international polo at \$10 a seat? With cruel, mocking laughter they gave him a little shove. Down he falls, "with Saturn and Orion, and mildly smiling Venus, and the fair, stark naked moon and the decent earth wreathed in pearl and blue." "Dizzy as a swooping comet," and down and down he falls, straight into an Academy membership.

All the jury are present rejoicing, as the victim comes to. "Where am I?" asks George, staring at the convalescent. "In Heaven?" "No," Mr. Alexander replies solemnly, "this is the Academy."

joyed them very much, but he is not sufficiently a poloist to command a picture upon that subject.

Probably what command there was came from the great wave of public emotion the series evoked. The wave of public emotion in America is a thing that will not be denied. The command was an unwritten one, but Mr. Lukes being, as we have said, close to the hearts of the people, dutifully took sketching papers and chalks with him to Meadow Brook. Twenty of the result-

ant sketches Mr. Kraushaar allows you to see.

We have been told that Mr. Lukes's "Prize Fighter" has been chosen for the Anglo-American Exposition in London next summer. We prophesy success for it. What a pity they cannot see the "Pawnebroke's Daughter," the man with the dyed moustachios, the "Duchess," the "Spellers" and the others that made George Lukes for us; but if only one can be sent, of course the "boxer" is it.

None of this year's pictures quite reaches the high level of those we have mentioned. The "Woman and Macaw" almost does, and the "Guitar" and "Child of the Streets" also approach par value. To miss par value, however, with Mr. Lukes is a serious matter. He seems to catch the swing when the critical part of the picture goes well, and then all the details take their places as by enchantment. In the "Woman and Macaw" the water bowls for the birds and the shadows on the floor are taken quite in the grand style. In the "Harmonica Player" the face persists in remaining painty, then all goes awry. The back of the head goes, the hat doesn't fit and the background colors are obvious.

It is hard to believe the same hand painted both the "Harmonica Player" and "Roundhouses at High Bridge," which last picture contains the most finished workmanship in the group. The smoke from the roundhouses mounts into the skies like an eruption from a volcano. The river takes a strange light, affected by the haze, that is highly realistic. The distant bridges, the boat, the railway engines are perfectly touched in. But just the same, and we choose a picture we should take the "Child of the Streets." She has flaws, but she also has a whiff of that peculiar quality that only George Lukes gets. The baby in the guitar picture has it also, but the baby squalls fiendishly. "Character" is not the most desirable quality imaginable in a baby.

SOME of Van Dearing Perrine's pictures in his exhibition at the Hulton Galleries are frankly labeled "color notes" and in many of this painter's larger pieces the same title is equally applicable. We rather prefer them to the heavily dramatic pieces in which the cliffs of the Palisades play a part. In these the effects are calculated and obvious. The imagination of the beholder is not invited to participate—the idea is already worked out and made plain for you.

There will be plenty of course to tell Mr. Perrine the reverse of this. We hope nothing will interfere with a continuance of Mr. Perrine's ambitious flights, but we hope he will be enabled to resist the impulse to make it plain for dull intellects. The great public is not so sluggish as it is supposed to be. Just because it has lately become surfeited with the banal, we must not jump to the conclusion that the public has lost the taste for serious art.

In "Spring Time" and similar pieces we feel Mr. Perrine to be at his best. It is color merely, with scarcely a definition of a figure, yet it is delightful color and sings a spring song. The sky is opaline, smoothed with a palette knife to a springlike smoothness, and some children pull down the branches of a

bush laden with lilac colored blossom across a turquoise lake.

The sayelies of children suggested most of these color notes. A little girl swinging a boy up a tree, leaves blowing away in the wind, all afford themes for these light, agreeable little color melodies.

IN the "group" exhibition now on in the Macdowell Galleries, composed of the work of women artists, the entrants from Baltimore carry off the honors. About the most spirited work on the walls is contributed by Ruth A. Anderson and Maude Dreier Bryant of the Monumental City. Miss Anderson paints in a dashing, free, sketchy way and many of her smaller pieces, such as the glimpse of the "Santa Maria della Salute" and a corner of an old building in Venice, are thoroughly decorative and acceptable. Her larger and more ambitious portraits, both of the same sitter apparently, who has the rather odd name "America del Sur," although one of the pieces is also called "Finita," are scarcely so complete but are equally vivacious. "Finita" has stormy black eyebrows and, although plump, considerable temperament. She must have been interesting to paint. Miss Bryant works in the modern mosaic style, getting excellent color harmonies. Her subjects are usually still life arrangements, always decorative and in good taste.

Alice Worthington Hall, also from Baltimore, is not so positive in technique as her two rivals, but she has had the wisdom to search for native themes. Her "Southern Market" with the old mummies buying marvellously good looking vegetables for dinner, is enough to start a whole excursion train of Northerners off to points further South. In another of her pictures she shows a young woman consulting a fortune teller.

The cards are spread upon the table. The tall dark man is faithless, you understand, but there is a mist, you understand, and we don't see clearly, but

anecdote is begun. Nobody minds. We are accustomed to omelettes aux confitures and to the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Paul Bartlett consequently astonished everybody very much the other day by taking one of these stories up, just as one would take up any other kind of story. "Crossing the courtyard? Was it the turtle courtyard? Don't you remember the turtle of the concierge?"

"It's a story that can only be told in French," he went on, "for it is only a Frenchman who would think of such a thing." It was Binet, the architect, who is now dead, who did it. He was crossing the little courtyard one day, about the size of this table, you know, and he saw the turtle of the concierge.

"Ah, madame," says he, "it is so little! What do you feed it? Ah," said he, "not at all. The worst thing possible for turtles. I will fetch you lettuce that will fatten your turtle for you."

"Thereupon he began. Every day he brought lettuce for the little turtle. As it is possible to buy turtles of all sizes in Paris he changed the turtle of the concierge at regular intervals for bigger and bigger turtles, always without a suspicion upon the part of the concierge as to what was going on. Finally the turtle grew to immense proportions, to the great joy of the entire Beaux Arts and to the satisfaction of the concierge.

"Then Binet took the other tack.

"Madame," he said, "he is really too fat. It is dangerous. He will have an apoplexy. We will give him the other lettuce for a while."

"And then he reversed the whole procedure. Every day he pretended to fetch another kind of lettuce and smaller and smaller again the turtle grew. He reduced it finally to the smallest turtle you ever saw in your life.

"Mind you, he was occupied for three months with all this. It is only a Frenchman who could think of such a thing."

C. Bertram Hartman's decorative paintings are at present on view in the

there is an exhibition of objects for interior decoration designed by Mariano Fortuny, Paul Iribe and Harriet Bryant, in which the Ballet Russe influence is pleasantly in evidence. A pile of cushions in colored stuffs that have an Arabian brilliancy placed upon a rich black velvet sofa-divan is a motif worthy of one of Mr. Hartman's canvases.

The Arlington Galleries are occupied by a South American artist, Alfred Helsby, with Chilean landscapes. Mr. Helsby was born in Chile of British parents. He studied art in Valparaiso and after his work had been accepted by the Madrid Salon he went to Paris for study, and from there sent pictures to the Royal Academy, London, and to the Paris Salon.

His landscapes faithfully reflect the topography of Chile, in which country we Northerners take every year more and more interest, and the gallery quite gives one the sensation of foreign travel. The mountains have some resemblances to our Sierras, and the valleys, with their romantic ranch houses and patches of green meadow, suggest a further parallel with our California money producing fruit valleys, when these of Chile are developed.

Mr. Helsby is content with showing his country as it is, and indeed he makes out a good report of his native land. His principal success technically is with effects of dazzling light. The "Foot of the Hills," painted near Melocoton, exemplifies this. His "Pink Hollyhocks" in bright light are also highly realistic. In Mr. Helsby's exhibition are included two works by Benito R. Correa, a rising young Chilean painter.

The New York Public Library has arranged its annual exhibition of the additions to its print collections. They are shown in the Stuart Gallery and will remain on view to the public throughout the summer.



"The Stroke," by George Lukes. On exhibition in the Kraushaar Galleries.

Carroll Galleries and display a fertile spirit of invention and a pretty sense of color. One that is typical is called the "Lotus Eaters." In it a strange blue boat decorated with great antique patterns sails upon a glassy sea. Upon the high prow a female figure stands erect as a statue and at her feet a man, a poet probably, stretches forward in the bluish air after the unattainable. The boat, the patterns, the figure and some nearby red cliffs are all reflected in the mirrorlike lake.

This dream haunts this artist, for "Siren Land" is a variant of it, and so are other of his pictures. The pink cliffs are reflected from many angles in the still waters. The "Great Ammon" is a powerful potentate who arrives with a procession of remarkable elephants. In "Elefantasia" there is a regular circus riot of these elephants and in one of the monotypes "Una" for a change takes the air riding upon a polar bear.

At the same time in these galleries

The show is unusually large, yet more than ever was it found necessary to make it strictly selective. Thus two or three etchings by a given artist must represent fifteen or twenty in the print room's portfolio, or a dozen engravings by Fildorpe must point the way to over ten times that number.

Additions to the S. P. Avery collection comprise etchings by Walter James, F. V. Burridge and Theodore Rousseau, and a portrait of Delacroix by Villot. Various donors have further added to the library's list of modern prints. There is an early printing, in original wrapper, of Whistler's "French Sea." Mezotint and aquatint work by Sir Frank Short illustrate that artist's very noteworthy command of processes. American prints include etchings by Whistler (already mentioned), the late Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran, of the most able and vigorous of women etchers; Thomas Johnson, R. K. Mykatt, C. B. King, Earl H. Reed and Hugh M. Eaton. Wood engravings by the late J. H. E. Whitney, Timothy

and William Marshall.

An original copper plate by Leech and one by Cruikshank call attention to a number of such plates given by a discriminating friend of the print room from whom have come also numerous volumes illustrated by Cruikshank. Leech and other artists of the Dickens period. Four such volumes with plates by Philz here serve to tell of recent and earlier work from this source. From that source too we derived the water color drawings by F. W. Poulthorpe for Dickens's "Pickwick Club," shown together with the etchings executed from them. Book plates make their distinct appeal; those shown are by Sidney L. Smith, Timothy Cole, B. G. Goodhue, William Edgar Fisher and E. R. Schwabacher.

The importance of the literature of prints is emphasized by a careful selection of books dealing with the subject in its various phases, the merest indication of the library's acquisitions during the last year.

The Academy is entertaining a very distinguished guest this year quite unknown to us. It was so like Karl Schmidt not only to have his name accepted at his first try for the Academy but to have it get into the Vanderbilt gallery. Everything is so easy for those Schmidts. Karl is only a brother to the great Heinrich of course, still he is a considerable personage. After Heinrich Schmidt extended Mr. Hilton to extra holes last year at St. Andrews he leaped into undying fame. So few Americans do that at St. Andrews. Later in the summer when Karl landed in France his brother rushed him off after several hours upon land to La Boule, where Karl was compelled to play in the tournament against some of the best men of England and France. He had never seen the course before and could not talk French to his caddy. He would take a brassy van from the bag and give him an iron instead, pointing the direction. In spite of this handicap he put up a great fight before going down to defeat. The French were so captivated by the absolute Americanism of this proceeding that they adopted the brothers upon the spot and feted them everywhere.



"The Guitar," by George Lukes. On exhibition in the Kraushaar Galleries.

FRENCH & CO.

6 EAST 56TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE
TAPESTRIES—
SINGLE PANELS
OR SERIES,
THE LARGEST
COLLECTION
FOR SALE.

WORCH

(of 11 Rue Bleue, PARIS)

467 Fifth Avenue
Opposite the Public Library, NEW YORK

EXHIBITION

**CHINESE
ANTIQUES**

Forming a collection of the rarest specimens of Early Chinese Art, including
Bronzes of the Chow Peri d
Sculptures of Wei & Tang Periods
Tang and Sung Paintings
The authenticity of these Works of Art
GUARANTEED

Chinese carving (Tang). In the Worch Gallery.

Cole, Henry Wolf and W. G. Watt recall the brilliant period of American achievement in the '90s of the last century and the excellent work being done to-day by the three last named artists.

The additions made to the Keppel Memorial Collection comprise about 125 pieces, of which a fair representation has been placed on view. The material is modern, with a few exceptions. Among the latter are an interesting and technically instructive set of proofs of a line engraving by Lecompte after Raphael and a drawing by the Italian engraver Fuschi. The modern prints are of special interest as consisting almost entirely of presentation copies. That naturally implies select impressions, and the notes written by the artists not infrequently offer interesting insight into artistic personality and methods. Thus among the etchings by Binet there is one with a pencilled note stating that the impression was made solely to test the paper, and on a piece of paper taken from a letter received from Mr. Keppel, the artist has drawn a little sketch and written under it an appeal for information regarding the source of the paper, which had a grain peculiarly fitted for line reproduction. Or again, there is a transfer paper drawing on which Penzance has triumphantly scribbled: "A lithograph, according to the High Court of Justice." So the list may be extended by noting a Haden etching with the examples of Helleu (the first that have come to the library), plates, lithographs and drawings by F. Jacques, Storm van Gravesande, E. van Muyden, Goethe, Bejot, Louis Deitel and other French artists, and etchings and drawings by Peter Moran, C. A. Platt and other American etchers.

Turning from modern work to the older, there are, first of all, the dozen or so of engravings of William Pothorne, placed here in record of the remarkable collection of that artist's work to the library by J. H. S. Purdy. The exhibit of fifteenth and sixteenth century engravings has had to give way before the present show, but some work of that period, recently acquired, is on view now. It includes the names of Lucas van Leyden, H. S. Beham, G. Pencz, H. S. Lautensack, Marc Antonio Ramondi, A. van Eerdink, Lievens, Van Vliet, K. Du Jardin, Thomas Wyck and Neumeister.

A little batch of line engravings, though including no remarkable prints, helps to illustrate the great variety possible in this medium; the plates are signed by Mellan, Drevel, Van Schuppen, Aug. de St. Aubin, B. A. Nicollot and William Marshall.

An original copper plate by Leech and one by Cruikshank call attention to a number of such plates given by a discriminating friend of the print room from whom have come also numerous volumes illustrated by Cruikshank. Leech and other artists of the Dickens period. Four such volumes with plates by Philz here serve to tell of recent and earlier work from this source. From that source too we derived the water color drawings by F. W. Poulthorpe for Dickens's "Pickwick Club," shown together with the etchings executed from them. Book plates make their distinct appeal; those shown are by Sidney L. Smith, Timothy Cole, B. G. Goodhue, William Edgar Fisher and E. R. Schwabacher.

The importance of the literature of prints is emphasized by a careful selection of books dealing with the subject in its various phases, the merest indication of the library's acquisitions during the last year.

Goupil & Co OF PARIS

Important Exhibitions

Portrait Miniatures
of the English Nobility and Aristocracy and of prominent Americans

by CHARLES TURRELL

Also

Original Bronzes

by Rembrandt Bugatti

Until April 30th—10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

58 West 45th St. Between 4th & 5th Aves.

Arlington Art Galleries

EXHIBITION OF

Chilean Landscapes

By

Alfred Helsby

of Valparaiso, Chile

Until April 30th Inclusive

274 Madison Avenue

Between 39th & 40th Streets, N. Y.

Washington Square, Yellow
Collection of Modern Art
by the artist, Charles
Lukas, and his wife, Mrs.
Lukas, and their children,
and their collection of
modern art, including
paintings, sculptures, and
other works of art.

D. B. BUTLER & CO.

Announce an

EXHIBITION

Of Color Prints

By GEORGE SENSENEY

At Their Galleries

601 Madison Ave. (57th St.), N. Y.

Charles Stollberg

Formerly with Schuch Art Gallery

402 Madison Avenue (47th St.)

Pictures and Frames

Special Attention to

Restoring and Cleaning Paintings

JAPANESE PRINTS

Fine old Japanese color prints and

paintings at the lowest prices

For further information address

Hamilton Easter Field, Executor

100 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn

Tel. 7-0000 Main

STUDIOS, splendid light, reasonable prices, sales from \$1.00 to \$10.00 per print. Office Phone 343 Main.

During 1913 THE SUN published a greater amount of ART advertising than any other newspaper extant and of superior quality besides.

Advertising copy for the SUN Art page should be sent to the Building by 3 P. M. daily.

Sunday Art page rate per line, 45 cents